





# SPOKEN ASSY

## The march of marks "F's" are closing in

by Kathleen Hamilton

As the year end draws ever closer, the only thing on most good students' minds is how close they are to being scholared for the summer, or if they're lucky, however.

Alas, if you're anything like me, a champion procrastinator, with all semester marks a mad scramble to hand in all those dreary assignments you couldn't bring yourself to think about until now.

You've all had your share of those boring classes you revere through the few times you did attend. The courses you took weren't relevant and probably aren't. "No problem," you told yourself, "I'll get the work done sometime." The unfortunate thing about tedious classes is that you can only put them off for so long.

I've tried ignoring the F's on my progress report but they simply will not go away. I keep hoping that a guardian angel in the administration office will push the magic button on the computer and viola, all my problems will disappear. But two years have gone by and no miracles have taken place. The moment of truth has arrived. Somehow, I have to get those rotten credits myself. I mean, a diploma would be nice.

The question is, of course, how to get that all important slip of paper when the last amount of effort is only a few short weeks. Please don't lecture me about study habits, time management, dedication and hard work. It's much too late for all that.

I already tried convincing my teachers that they've misplaced my various manuscripts, definitely handed in months ago, but they cannot bring themselves to believe me. I guess they realize I'm not above taking the occasional wiggle in.

Something will have to give. I'm beginning to lose faith in my superstitious knack for looking out at the last minute. Fearing that, there are several alternatives open to desperate like me.

As a last ditch effort, I could kidnap my course co-ordinator, "DE Maffey! It's my diploma or your life!"

Or I could explain to Mary Haffester that failure to receive all my credits would cause me such emotional trauma that I might let it slip about that memorable weekend we spent with the Hill's Angels in Montreal.

Or I could walk into Joe Merida's office, rip open my blouse and weep on sight. If the situation becomes really hopeless I could remember I Don't Like Mondays, right here at Conestoga. If I don't get to graduate, no-one does.

Now, I certainly don't want to be forced to take such drastic and unbecoming measures. After all, I'm a refined, well-educated individual who is normally considerate of others. And I really don't want to place such a burden of guilt on the college and society in general. I can just see the headlines—"Quiet student takes revenge due to school pressures."

So I hope the powers that be will see fit to recognize my special needs and avoid any unfortunate accidents by taking it upon themselves to iron out the way problem. Just one simple request: satisfy whenever it may concern of a few minor grade changes, in all their regard.

I assume to then leave quietly, diploma in hand. Students, faculty and administrative staff will be left with their reputations and their lives intact and that reporter can save the above-mentioned teacher for the first reasonable employer who refuses to give me a raise.

## Books, Classes, Tests and Homework

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## DSA BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Nomination forms available  
in the DSA office

Nominations close Tuesday, April 19

## Assistant to the DSA Activities Coordinator

Responsibilities will include as-  
sisting the Coordinator with:

- 1 planning Orientation
- 2 organizing trips
- 3 planning special events
- 4 organizing Winter Carnival
- 5 providing information to students, staff and faculty

Students interested in applying for the position should submit a letter of application and resume to Joanne

Exeter by Tuesday, April 19, 1983

Interviews will be conducted Wednesday and Thursday, April 20 and April 21 in the Activities Office.

# The Year In Review



## Biggest ball of the year

These Conestoga students rolled around the biggest ball of the year during a tradition in 1984.



## Dracula would have starved

The death is down to eat October a ghost corner around the boom campus would have left the Court running on another source of sustenance.



## No snow showed for the carnival

A few winter carnival events had to be cancelled because of lack of snow. The activities went on under snow or high water.



## Me and the books and our 50

By the library staff day, we were to standing in a long line. Books were placed in these cases while the library was going to be opened. So, what happened to all that year?



## It's not boring, really

The fun group went through the winter carnival, or part of it under the influence of a rising epidemic.



## ... but on the first day of Spring

On March 1985, the boom campus opened at 8:30 p.m. due to a surprise snowstorm, and the morning line up of cars waited at North Walsh Blvd.







